

MARYKNOLL

NOVEMBER • 1940

THE 
FIELD AFAR



SOLES AND SOULS

All of us are much concerned about our own souls—and our soles, too. But what about the souls of the billion and more who have yet to hear of Christ and learn that the soul of each and every man is worth more than the whole world?



MARYKNOLL

MARYKNOLL is an American foundation for foreign missions. • Central headquarters are at Maryknoll, New York. Preparatory seminaries for the training of priests are maintained in various sections of the country from Massachusetts to California. • The Maryknoll Fathers were established by the Archbishops and Bishops of the United States

as the national society for foreign missions, and authorized by His Holiness, Pius X. at Rome, June 29, 1911. • In seven large areas of the Orient—in South China, Japan, Manchukuo, and Korea—Maryknollers are laboring among 25,000,000 non-Christian souls. • The legal title of the Maryknoll Fathers is "Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated."

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Our Cover: Every day is Thanksgiving Day if Lin Tu Pan gets even one bowl of rice. Maryknollers in South China have shared generously in caring for thousands of refugees' bodies and souls.

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A NEW APOSTOLATE

At the 1912 graduation exercises of New York's Cathedral College, preparatory school for archdiocesan priests, the late Cardinal Farley presented diplomas to the graduates, and later that evening, in his address to the young men who were soon to enter the seminary, he said:

"The foreign-mission idea is still new among us, but during the last few years we have found the idea growing to a remarkable degree. A year ago Our Holy Father, Pope Pius X, gave his seal and approval to the establishment, here in our own archdiocese, of a seminary dedicated to the sole purpose of training young American men to a new apostolate in the Church—that of leaving these shores and going out across the seas to labor in oriental lands for the salvation of souls. Not many of our youths will respond to so sublime a vocation, but I am filled with a great happiness tonight to know that the first two applicants for the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America are two of the young men graduates here this evening.

"We still need many vocations in the archdiocese of New York, but we are very willing and happy to divide our forces for God's sake and for the sake of those who today are sitting in the shadow of death.

"It is my firm belief that the example of these two young men from Cathedral College will react most favorably on the entire student body of this institution, and will be an inspiration to many other youths to consecrate themselves to God's service, either at home or among the heathen.

"We welcome the Foreign Mission Seminary to New York because we are convinced that its presence within the confines of this archdiocese will bring special blessings to our own works here."

TALK OF THE MISSIONS

Dynamo

Sitting at our desk, directly above the twelve-ton motor that pumps heat to all buildings on our Knoll-top, we are mindful of that human dynamo, Father Bernard Andrade, S.J., whose life was snuffed out in a flaming act of charity. The young priest—master of twelve languages—was returning from Rome to his mission in South China after having received his doctorate in Sacred Scripture for a profound thesis, "The Social Doctrine of Saint Paul's Epistles." On the vessel carrying him from Europe to the Orient, a fire broke out one day, and Father Andrade saw that a youth was enveloped in flames. He rushed down the deck and tried valiantly to extinguish the lad's blazing clothes, but his own caught fire, and before help came to him he was dead. Let others praise the learned Jesuit for his knowledge of languages and science; we like him, rather, for that last magnificent act of charity—a virtue for which he was most distinguished.

For Scoffers

It is hard to say why the world scoffs at what is apparently miraculous, when the miracles of ages—day, night, seasons, stars—are enacted before it constantly. We were reminded of this recently when we heard about Raphaela, a young Chinese girl who was stricken with a fatal illness while still a postulant in a Chinese convent.

Death seemed imminent on the morning of her profession day, when the chaplain brought her Holy Communion. "Father," she whispered, "I should die very happily if I first received the habit of our Order, but I wish only what Jesus wishes for me."

"Then ask it of Christ Himself," said the priest, "when He comes to you today."

The priest decided to mention the matter to the bishop, but before he had an opportunity to do so the bishop said, "This morning, during my Mass, I was distracted and concerned about Raphaela. I think we should allow her to receive the habit and make her profession at once."

All was arranged, and scarcely had the girl pronounced her vows when her soul went home to God. At least, one must pause and wonder.

Pathways

We just ran across a copy of *The Far East*, mission magazine of the Columban Fathers, that announces a second volume of "Pathways to God" by Father Henaghan.

The first volume, which appeared last year, was a collection of deeply spiritual meditations, the fruit of an active apostolate in the Philippine Islands. Each chapter was a separate, thought-provoking picture of the life of the soul, contributing greatly toward keeping one's feet on the road leading to God. The new volume, we understand, is a continuation of these meditations in Father Henaghan's fine style. We wonder, as we try to pen our own hazy thoughts, where these busy missionaries find the time to let us share in theirs. More power to them!



Boomerang

Give us, we say, the story of a martyred missionary, and we'll give you a success story unlike any you have ever heard. The November birthday of Blessed Theophane Venard reminds us of his execution, ordered in 1861 by the Emperor of Indo-China, Tu-Duc. This year on the anniversary of the martyr's death, Bun-Duong, a descendant of the Emperor Tu-Duc and a relative of the present empress of Annam, was ordained to the priesthood in the little French town of St. Loup, where Venard was born. Father Bun-Duong, converted a few years ago,

wore at his ordination vestments that had been sent to the martyred priest's home church by the empress. The young priest's father is a member of the reigning emperor's privy council. Blessed Theophane must have smiled down from heaven.

Collaboration

Noting that an optimistic letter had been received from Bishop William F. O'Shea, of Maryknoll, Vicar Apostolic of Heijo, Korea, a speaker on a Vatican broadcast said: "The apostolate of international charity has not abated in the East, while the Christian Occident is gasping under the losses inflicted by its weapons of war."

"Giving color to Bishop O'Shea's optimism is the fact that there are about 30,000 Catholic missionaries performing social service of an indispensable kind in Asia and Africa."

"Among the missionaries at work are 8,795 French priests, Brothers, and Sisters; 5,136 Italians; 5,013 Germans; 3,211 Hollanders; 2,895 Belgians; 1,958 Irish; 1,626 Spaniards; and 1,042 English. The figure from Canada is 1,850; and that from the United States, 1,402—a ten-power collaboration so solidly established as to make it a league of international charity, a union of hearts in a Christian commonwealth."

UNCLE SAM'S MIRACLE RICE

By V. Rev. Thomas V. Kiernan



Top: The market price for a rice crop is great; farmers daily barter their own harvest.

Center: The field is flooded, and tiny rice shoots are set in long rows piece by piece.

Right: The farmers and their families care for the little plants with the same tender care as if they were children.



THERE is a mistaken notion among Occidentals that there is never a Chinese meal which does not include rice. While it is true that the main crop of many Chinese farmers is rice, it is equally true that so precious is the market price for a crop that few Chinese can afford the luxury of this grain except for special big feasts. The infinite pains and the great amount of labor necessary for the cultivation of rice keep that commodity above the purchasing power of the ordinary Chinese workingman.

It is no easy task to nurture the slender green stalks to fruition, particularly since they are all planted by hand and cultivated under water. First the heavy water-soaked beds must be plowed over, time and again, by wooden plows, guided by strong arms and drawn by the patient, plodding water buffalo. The field is flooded and the tiny rice shoots, grown in a special bed until they are about four inches high, are set piece by piece in the water-covered soil. The farmers and all their families care for the little plants as if they were children, and in many parts of China the methods of cultivation have not changed through the centuries.

One of our missionaries who had a flair for horticulture decided to help the farmers of his flock to improve the yield and quality of their rice crops. Accordingly, he wrote to the United States Department of Agriculture, explained the local agricultural conditions, and asked if Uncle Sam would help him out. The Department of Agriculture sent him a half bushel of American rice seed, with full instructions on how to plant it. By careful husbanding the half bushel would be sufficient to supply within a few years all the farmers within his parish.

The experiment progressed with splendid success. During the planting and growing season the field was irrigated, so that three or four inches of water always covered the surface of the ground. Then a few days before the actual harvest the water was drained off, and the grain was allowed to harden until it was ready for reaping.

The American rice became the talk of the countryside. For nearly two months the farmers watched it grow. They were amazed at its size, color, and sturdiness. Native rice stalks were long, thin, and weak; these American ones were strong, thick, and high. When the rice bloomed amazement increased, for the heads were fuller and the kernels larger and more numerous. It was a miracle crop!

But it is always poor business to count the chicks before their fledging. The experiment was a success except for one thing—visitors.

The time for the harvesting of the American seed rice came. The sluices were opened, and the water ran from the rice field. In a very short time the mud began to harden under the sun, and the full-grown rice plants dried. A few days more should (*Continued on page 19*)

The slender green stalks are planted by hand and cultivated under water.





On bus, tram, or train Christina finds opportunity to preach the Gospel.

MUCH ADO ABOUT SOMETHING

By Rev. Joseph W. Connors

LET me tell you how Christina Kim is always making "much ado about something." Christina is our number-one woman catechist—a widow who was baptized ten years ago. Very intelligent and energetic is Christina, although physically she is only a little slip of a person.

A Korean matron—one of the old school—is shy, drops her glance when talking, and keeps very much in her own front yard. Not so Christina, who fortunately has the better qualities of her own race—kindness and courtesy—along with the foreign qualities of energy and proper forwardness. She is not held back by the Korean tendency to excessive shyness or decorum.

Her travels on bus, tram, or train give Christina a chance to spread the glad tidings of the Gospel. If a mother is hastening along the city street, clutching an infant to her breast, and moaning as she passes, Christina hastens along with the mother. She learns that the child has meningitis, that the doctor holds out no hope, and one glance at the drawn face of the infant confirms the diagnosis. "A little cool water on the brow will do good for the infant," she pleads with the mother; and, when the latter consents to slow down, the catechist turns aside to soak her handkerchief at a nearby hydrant. In a moment another soul is made ready for eternity.

Or again, when she is making her daily rounds, cate-

chizing, at a street corner she hears a man say to his companion, "Terrible tragedy!" Christina pauses and overhears the word "fire." Undaunted, she asks what has happened and is told that two children—twins—have been frightfully burned in a home down the alley. She hastens along and learns that the children have been rushed to the hospital. She races there, too, and is soon at the side of the two little ones, who are all swathed in bandages. She begs pardon of the doctor for intruding, finds clear spots on their heads, and soon has finished the baptisms—but not too soon. A brief half hour, and the youngsters are free from pain forever.

Another day, she is making the rounds of the hospitals and a friendly local doctor, who knows her zeal but does not understand it, tells her he has just left a dying woman. The catechist proceeds to the home at once and tells the family she has heard of their trouble and has come to offer her sympathy. To their queries, she admits she is from the Catholic church. There is a friendly atmosphere, and our good Samaritan is rewarded with not only another baptism but an assurance that the entire household will prepare for entrance into the Church.

Indeed, I must needs write a book to chronicle fittingly this good woman's achievements. It is such zealous workers that cause the Church to flourish in Korea.

... BREAD ON THE WATERS

By Rev. George L. Krock

A LARGE American boat was crossing the wide waters of the Pacific. The summer weather was pleasant, and the blue depths were calm and peaceful. All day the sun sparkled on the wave, and in the wake of the ship dolphins rose to play in the sunlight. In a cabin two young missionaries were talking. What would China be like? What would the future years hold for them there? Could they come unscathed through the days of war to a time when the seed of the word of God could be sown, watered, and reaped?

These two young priests had in them the glad genius of American youth—"the will to work, the heart to play." So it was that, when seeking to dispose of the empty bottles which had held the Mass wine, they decided to put notes into them and drop them into the sea with the message: "God bless, and bring the holy Faith to, whoever reads this note."

It was not by chance that one of the bobbing bottles was carried by the south-west wind down to the north equatorial current, and slowly through the storm-tossed days and nights went past the coast of Formosa, to where the waters of the river Han pour out their yellow mud into the sea. The waters of this river mouth are inhabited by a tribe of boat people called *Haklos*, who spend their lives fishing. So it was that early one morning Ah Gni, sitting in the prow of his boat, saw something glisten in the water—a bottle containing a paper.

Extracting the cork, he unrolled the scroll and puzzled over the writing. There was one thing he recognized, the character for ten on the top of the page. Ten was Ah Gni's lucky number, and he happily took this as a message sent by the kindly god of the sea. But the message itself was a mystery. When he came to the harbor for the fresh water which he bought twice in the moon, Ah Gni put on his cloth slippers and went to the temple shrine, where he lighted ten sticks of incense to the river god. Then he sauntered over to the building by the mandarin's house, where letters come from all the world, where the clerks, skilled in many languages, would for a fee read this message of good or evil.

Ah Gni waited a long time while the clerks in western clothes were reading

the addresses on many letters. He was afraid to speak to these men in their fine clothes, but one of them spoke to him:

"Little peasant, perfumed with fish, why are you fouling the air of this room?"

Ah Gni was embarrassed but would not show it, so he walked boldly up and said:

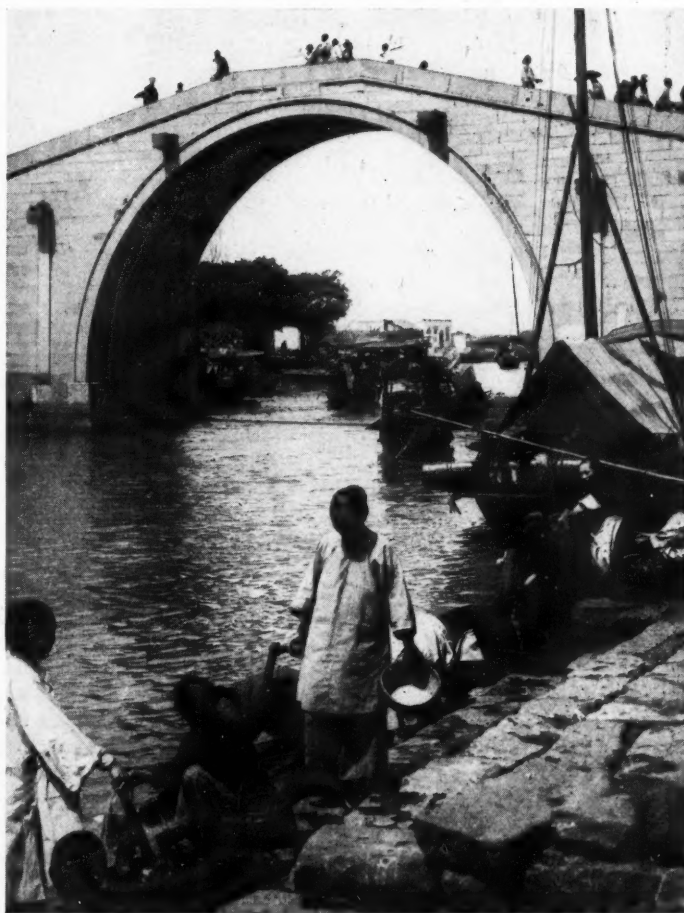
"Will you read this miserable paper for me? I am unlettered, and the river god has sent me a message."

They all laughed and waited to hear the message. The man who read it was a wag and rendered it as he thought would most mystify the simple fisherman. He read: "Dear little Fisherman: He that lives by the treasure of salt water must seek the greatest treasure in fresh water. If any man thirst, let him go there and drink. The fountains of living water hold Everlasting Life."

Now Ah Gni was no nearer to an understanding of the message than before. Why had the river god sent a message in a foreign tongue? It was strange.

As he was walking back to the harbor, past the temple of the foreigners, he saw a large (Continued on page 24)

Where the waters of the Han pour their yellow mud into the sea



By Sister M. Regis, R.S.M.

Penny-Story PRIZE

As long as I've known Sister Mary Lawrence, she has always been up to tricks. Not that she was the *enfant terrible* of the novitiate or the convent, but she was always devising some means to keep her eighth-grade boys and girls interested. Geography lessons and history were regular travelogues in Room 12; higher arithmetic and algebra classes smacked of the counting house; and English classes had a breezy city-pressroom atmosphere. There was never a dull moment in the eighth grade. That fag end of the week, late Friday afternoon, found Sister Lawrence with a new plan to rouse and hold the attention of her charges. This week, to the joy of all, it was to be a knock-down, drag-out spelling bee, with an unannounced prize for the winner.

"Separate" brought many out of line, and by the time "sandalwood" went the rounds only Mary Boland and Tom Conners were left. For some moments, she told me later, it looked as if the spelling bee would end in a tie, but poor Mary fell on the word "Stephen," spelling it with a "v," and Tom remained unvanquished when the three-o'clock bell rang.

"You were grand, Tom," said Sister Lawrence, "and I wish I had a gold medal to give you. All I have today is this little story leaflet—a reprint of a very interesting story that appeared in THE FIELD AFAR."

Tom grinned and said: "Thanks, Sister! Any prize from you is something to be treasured."

"Oh, my soul," sighed Sister Lawrence, when she was telling me about it. "You'd think I had given him a hundred dollars. The police will catch up with me yet."

"Let's see, Tom," called the other boys; and Tom showed them the four-page leaflet, entitled "Silvery Moon—a Story of Saint Francis Xavier."

"Lucky!" the boys exclaimed as they glanced through the few brief pages, and Sister wondered how she could some day arrange matters so that each one of her pupils might have a similar prize.

"Silvery Moon" was tucked in between the covers of

Tom's algebra for safe keeping, and it was not until he began Monday's homework that he remembered the prize. The picture of Xavier, fearless before the cruel Badagas, thrilled the boy as he read on to the end where the frightened, grateful Christians said, "We thank God, Father Francis, for sending you to us tonight."

"Gosh, Mom, this is a swell story!" said Tom. "Saint Francis Xavier wasn't a bit scared of those Badagas."

"Whatever in the world are you talking about now?" asked Mrs. Conners.

"Why, Xavier, of course. He went out in the moonlight, and his shadow looked so queer it frightened the Badagas away and so he saved his Christians."

"Saved them body and soul," said Tom's mother simply.

"Yes, that's right," the boy answered. "It wouldn't be much just to save their bodies, would it?"

"Better get on with your lessons," chided Mrs. Conners, "or Sister Lawrence will get after you 'body and soul!'"

But a new vista opened that night for Tom Conners, a vista shadowed in silvery moonlight, with God by his side and a goal not yet quite discerned.

Four years later Tom was one of the eighty-five boys graduating from St. James High School. As usual, Tom was one of the honor students, the winner of a scholarship; and for excellence in English he received a neatly wrapped volume. The scholarship was a four-year course at the Catholic University; the volume—he'd have to wait till he got home to see what that was.

"You never opened the book you got," said Mrs. Conners on Monday morning, as she began straightening up after last night's party. Tom had just come in from Mass.

"That's right! Let's see what it is."

And together they untied the white ribbon and opened the tissue-paper wrappings. "A Man's Saint" was the title, and Tom opened the flyleaf: "Incidents in the Life of Saint Francis Xavier."

"Oh, that's the saint who wasn't afraid of the Badagas," he said simply.

"Whatever became of that little story?" asked Mrs. Conners, recalling the scene of four years ago.

"It's right on my desk here," said Tom, and he drew out a much-dilapidated leaflet.

"Well, you must almost know it by heart if you've read it as much as its appearance indicates."

"Strange thing, Mom, I have read it only two or three times since I won it at that spelling bee, but each time I read it I felt that I had gained something that made me fight through difficulties." And he handled the little paper most lovingly.

"Well, it's surprising what a good story can do for us now and then," commented Mrs. Connors, and she wondered anew at this sturdy son of hers.

* * *

Sister Lawrence was up to her elbows in preserves and jams when I went to the basement of the convent to tell her she had a visitor.

"Now who's calling on the likes of me, this hot, sticky day? How'll I ever get the canning finished?"

"It's Tom Conners," called a cheerful voice from the hall.

"Oh, if it's only Tom Conners I don't need to get tidied up. Come down, Tom, and help us seal these jars!" she called.

He came in smiling. "Only Tom Conners! I like that. If it were Mrs. Stuart Newells you'd be running for your best bib and tucker," Tom chided.

"Listen to the young whipper-snapper, will you," said Sister Lawrence to the rest of us as she banged fruit jars together. "It's a good thing my hands are sticky with this jam or I'd give you an old-fashioned cuffing! Come

here and give me a hand with these."

The younger Sisters smiled at the good-natured railery, and Tom began moving the jars to near-by shelves.

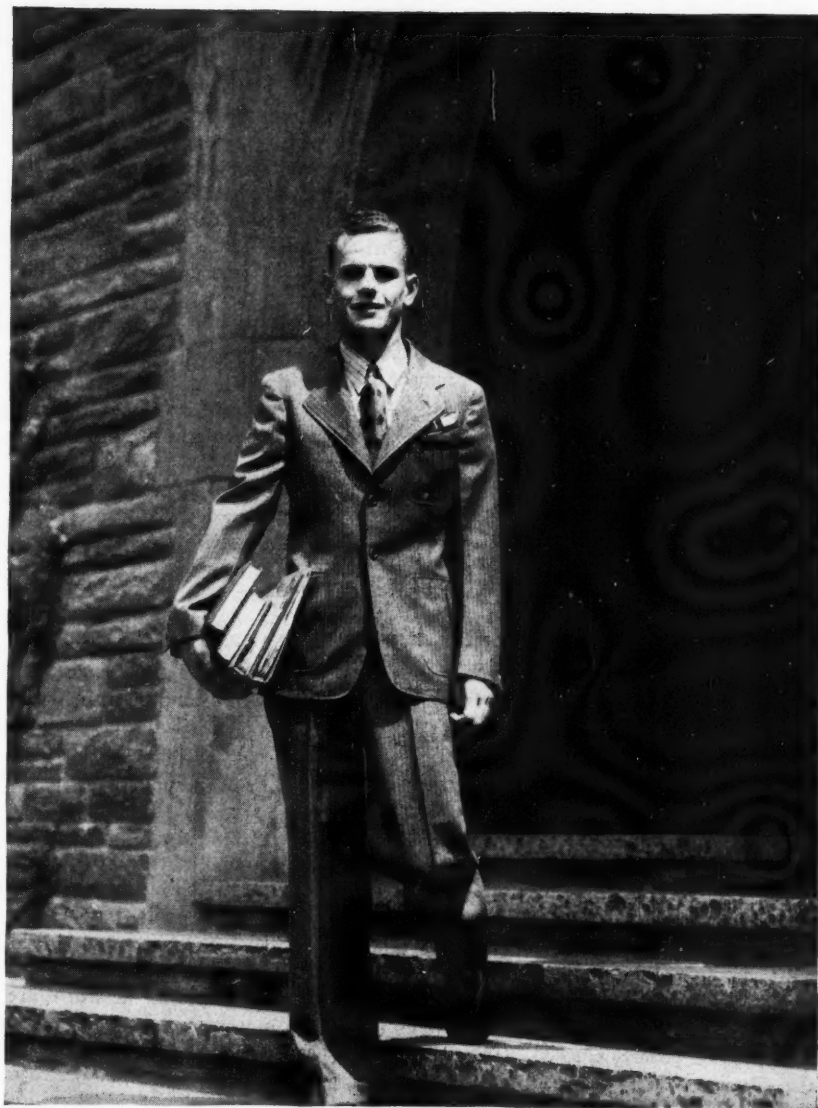
"I hear you won a book," went on Sister Lawrence. "I hope it was rules of etiquette for young-men graduates."

"Now, just for that, I won't tell you about it," teased the boy. But Sister knew he would, and she kept up a merry banter as she passed him jar after jar.

"It was a set of stories—incidents in the life of Saint Francis Xavier," said Tom, "and I thought you'd like to know they're all by F. X. Eastman—the author of that story you gave me."

"What story did I ever give you?"

"For the spelling bee—don't (Continued on page 28)



Tom was graduating from St. James High School.

OUR WORLD OF MISSIONS

WAR, among other things, is a grave distraction. There is an immediacy about its violence, a fury of the present, which leads men to forget both the past and the future.

Men at war find it hard so to compose themselves that they may contemplate the grand things, such as the Church, the vision of a world united under Christ as will be the Church of tomorrow.

The Church of tomorrow is to be the Church which has achieved the world objective set for His mystical body by Christ the Head. The Church, the larger incarnation of Christ, is to embrace all mankind. Each local congregation, whether in the heart of Rome or on the farthest island of the sea, is a mirror and miniature of the whole. The whole is universal indeed for it embraces all believers, not only of all nations and places but of all times, back into the dawn when lived the first of God's followers, and forward to the evening of the world when the last of men will witness the eclipse of the epoch of our earthly sphere.

The Church of tomorrow will be a fruition of the dream of Christ that will bring all cultures under the Cross, not crushed or thwarted but flowered to perfection.

Towards such an end, sound laws of growth must be followed. Long before the Communists discovered it, the Church knew the necessity of "cell life," of following the biological law of cellular increase. So, over the world, the primitive station, the strong parish, the organized diocese, is the rule, new growth depending always on the strength of the old.

War is destruction. We who are dedicated to growth, to the building of the world Church—and every Catholic has this duty—must fight fiercely lest war so claim us that we be turned from our transcendent objective.

THE NEGRO FUTURE Father Sullivan, an Oblate, spoke recently of meeting some of Chicago's thousands of poverty-pinched Negroes, to whom he put the question, "Why did you come North?"

"True," said one with typical good nature, "in the South we can at least starve in comfort. But we are here for a reason. We find better opportunities in the North. Nine out of ten of us suffer pretty badly, but the tenth man makes good. He is the goad to the lot of us."

We are wrong if we think that the Negro sits and waits. He searches, he strives, and more and more he succeeds. The thoughtful among the Negroes not only do not ask for our help but dislike any suggestion on our part that we are interested in "doing things for the poor Negro." The representative Negro does not want charity; he wants opportunity.

During Catholic Week at the Negro Exhibition in Chicago this summer, Mr. Philip Blake, a young Negro lawyer at Marquette University, made it clear that the Negro realizes that while he has made some material progress in the seventy-five years since the Emancipation

Proclamation, the true measure of his progress is his spiritual growth. He said that the Catholic Church alone can give the Negro a sense of lasting values and the inner drive he needs to work out his destiny. Catholic Negroes in the United States as yet number only 300,000 in a total of 13,000,000, but there is a definite movement among the Negroes toward the Church.

The future of the American Negro rests with himself, and rests likewise with white Catholics. So far as we Catholics are concerned, our task is not merely to cast him an alms when he is hungry. We must invite him insistently into the mystical body of Christ and treat him as a brother Christian.

WHO IS MY MISSIONARY NEIGHBOR? In Brown County, Ohio, Father Bishop is sowing seed which promises to blossom in priest pioneers, members of the Home Missioners of America. In many states, below the Mason and Dixon Line, in the rugged Rocky Mountain areas, among certain large groups of people in our northern cities, as for instance the Negroes of Harlem, some hundreds of priests with the same apostolic spark in them which inspires missioners in non-Christian lands are struggling for souls.

We desire every such laborer in the homeland to see Maryknollers as fellow workers in a common world cause. It is merely a choice in the Divine Mind which sends some of us to the non-Christians of the Far East and others to the non-Catholics of the homeland. Father Bishop outlines this well in a recent letter addressed to the young men of America.

"Our missionary field is very vast," says Father Bishop. "Only 350,000,000 out of the estimated 1,900,000,000 people in the world are Catholics—less than one-fifth of them. But suppose that you have a missionary vocation. You cannot go personally 'to the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' You are only one small individual with limited abilities (no matter how good or holy or smart you may be), and your opportunities for directly influencing the people of the great world must be limited. You cannot go into every nation in the world where missionaries are needed. Even the greatest missionaries have found their highest effectiveness by working in one region. What region will be the scene of your labors? That question will be answered for you in the course of time after you have first determined, with the help of prayer and the advice of a good confessor, whether you are called to the foreign or to the home mission field. By your prayers you can still be a missionary in every part of the world, as Saint Teresa of the Infant Jesus was though she did not leave her convent cell. But because of human limitations, you must choose, or rather, discover, which of these fields, home or foreign, God has chosen for you as the scene of your active labors for souls."

GREAT THOUGHTS Archbishop Mc-Nicholas, in his

foreword to a new book of sermons by the late Archbishop Dowling of St. Paul, quotes Maryknoll's Bishop James Anthony Walsh as saying: "Those who knew Archbishop Dowling and his work will always regret that he did not put into lasting form more of the fine thoughts that he uttered." The fifteen discourses gathered in this volume are few indeed, but in them many of the Church's great principles are ably presented.

We cite a passage of the address to the International Eucharistic Congress at Chicago, in 1926, on Christian charity, a fundamental of missionary action:

"Pity is as old as is the heart of man. In spite of the savageries that lie so near the surface of even our highest civilizations, there have always been in the world tenderness and consideration, unselfish and generous, for the sufferings and sorrows of fellow men. Else, how should the Good Samaritan still be our teacher? But Christ has given us another and a higher reason for the love of our neighbor, and for His followers pity has become piety, since Christ it is who hungers and faints with thirst, shivers in the cold, wanders forlorn and unfriended, tosses on a bed of pain, or lies in chains in some foul dungeon. 'Amen I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me.' (*Matt. xxv: 40*)

"Manifestly, the categories with which Christ thus identifies Himself include many who have never been, and doubtless never will be, embraced within the sacramental bond of union which Saint Paul calls 'the household of the faith.' It is of a pagan world, hard, unfeeling, insolent, contemptuous, persecuting, that Saint Ignatius the Martyr is thinking when he writes to the Ephesians: 'Pray without ceasing for the others, for we can hope to see them come to God by penance. Give them at least the lesson of your examples. To their rage oppose your meekness; to their pride, your humility; to their

Our note pages on men and things missionary

blasphemies, your prayers; to their errors, your faith; to their cruelty, your humanity; without ever seeking to render to them the evil they do unto you. . . . Let us show ourselves

to them as brothers by our forbearance, in union with Jesus Christ.'

"Thus began the great tradition of Christian charity in the world, inspired and sustained and rewarded by the mystery of love which is focused on every Christian altar."

CANADA INSPIRED As a sequel to the long journey through the missions of the Canadian North made by the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Antoniutti, the Oblates have published a commemorative number of their society magazine in which the presentation is from the hand of Cardinal Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec. Striking is the enthusiasm of His Eminence in recording the significance of this exploit on the part of the Pope's representative.

"He flew to our Arctic missions," notes His Eminence, "and he brought to all our missionaries, all our Christians, all our neophytes, the encouragement of his ardent word and the experience of his residence in the missions of China. Of what fruits is not this sowing the promise over the icy vastness and plains of the North!"

"In the name of the entire Church of Canada, which this example of intrepid zeal has so profoundly moved, in the name, in particular, of my confreres, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, who for over a century have evangelized these northern regions, and whose hearts have been warmed by the ardor of their apostolic visitor, I offer to His Excellency with deep emotion the thanks of all."

Maryknollers who knew Archbishop Antoniutti in China are delighted to learn that he has found it possible to continue his zealous missionary efforts in those far-flung missions of Canada where the Church still remains unknown and the need for workers is great.



Members of the hierarchy of India gathered for the consecration of Bishop Thomas (center)



The conference hall at the Seminary serves as a temporary chapel until the larger one shall be built.

THE SHOE PINCHES

VISITORS to Maryknoll who have seen the great stone building with its upturned eaves—our Seminary—must have concluded that surely there is plenty of room in so vast an edifice for all the young men who would ever come to us. We thought so, too. But with a hundred-fold increase this year in all our schools we are finding that, with “so many children,” the shoe is beginning to pinch.

The majority of newcomers to our ranks—vocations that have been fostered by parish priests in this country in response to a call from Maryknoll for one thousand more priests—hail from Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Rhode Island, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and the Hawaiian Islands.

This year's total enrollment of 350 includes 99 theologians here at the major Seminary, 24 for the Novitiate at Bedford, and 227 in our junior seminaries at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania; Los Altos, California; Akron and

Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis, Missouri; and Detroit, Michigan.

At the major Seminary, temporary walls in the refectory are coming down, and a long-delayed finishing coat of plaster is to be applied. Mysterious blue prints are fluttering in the late autumnal breeze, since it looks as if we may have to continue building other unfinished sections to provide more classrooms, as well as domiciles for the additional number of applicants.

The treasurer confesses that there still remains a medal of Saint Joseph in the Society's money bag, but little more than that. When we dropped around to his office, asking whence would come the funds for all these building plans, we were hustled off with the assurance, “God will provide.”

It reminds us of a scene some twenty years ago when the late Bishop Dunn of New York, turning the first shovelful of earth on the site of the present Seminary, stopped, with a spade in his hand, and asked Father

Superior: "How much money have you on hand for the erection of this building?"

"Not a cent," was the reply.

Bishop Dunn looked at the shovelful of earth, turned it over very slowly, and said, "Well, you are either a great fool or a great saint."

That faith in the providence of God was well rewarded, and friends came to our aid from all over the country to help make possible this building to house God's workers for souls. That same Divine Providence, we believe, will again prompt generous hearts to lighten the great burden of additional building which we must face all too soon.

"How do young men become interested in the mission idea?" is a question often asked of us. We, in turn, asked some seminarians what prompted their decision to join Maryknoll. Their answers are interesting.

One applied because of his chats with a Catholic doctor who had served in South China for many years and whose "talks were sparkling with apostolic zeal and with enthusiasm for the missions." Another came after making the Novena of Grace; still another was inspired by the interesting talks which the priests of his college gave on Maryknoll; and a fourth had the idea suggested to him by his pastor. Two had heard much about Maryknoll from their parents or relatives who had a deep interest in the missions; while two others came after reading "A Modern Martyr"—the story of the young French priest, Blessed Theophane Venard. Four who joined us (and this made the editor beam all over the compound) had found their inspirations in *THE FIELD AFAR*, and seven

others attributed their interest to knowing Maryknollers or having heard some of our missionaries speak in church or in school.

These were the contributing causes; God watered them with His grace. May such ordinary means draw still greater numbers to His service at home and abroad.



Below: Our own worldless series ran into late October on the newly leveled baseball field. The score is still running.



MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Founded 1907 by Ecclesiastical Authority. Published Monthly.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

SOULS IN PURGATORY

The same motive that prompts us to save struggling souls on earth impels us equally to help the suffering souls in Purgatory, and this motive is the most peremptory and at the same time the most beautiful of all the obligations of life. It is the law of charity written deeply in our hearts by the Author of our being, who wanted His children to bear one another's burdens and by so doing to participate in the divine diffusion of goodness that is His own ceaseless activity. Let your kindness spread to the four corners of the earth and beyond. Your faith makes the souls in Purgatory your neighbors, and your love can reach them with a prayer.

THANKSGIVING

The national habit of giving thanks for blessings received will find fervent expression this year when our own good fortune is so strikingly emphasized by the haunting specter of others' misfortune. Not in a spirit of complacency, nor with any persuasion that we are better than other people, but with a humble sense of being blessed more richly than we deserve, do we return grateful thanks to God for the benefits we have known and for the evils we have not known. It is true that we do not enjoy perfect conditions. We have our own troubles and dangers. But they are slight in comparison to the problems faced by our ill-starred neighbors, and when all is said we remain the happiest people on earth in the sense that we are the least unhappy. With almost all the rest of the world convulsed and tortured by the savageries of war, we know only the problems of peace. Our men have bread and opportunity; our women have no wild and hopeless fears clutching continually at their hearts; our children can still play heedlessly and happily in the park. No bombs rain from our skies, and no foodless refugees clog our roads. We are free, secure, and still out of the poorhouse.

Gratitude should always express itself by helping others less fortunate than ourselves. It is not the duty of America to right everybody's wrongs, but it may be our responsibility to strengthen everybody's weaknesses so that

they may right their own wrongs. We have a country so far superior to all others that it must mean something. Surely our blessings were given to us as a trust to be shared. And if so, the chief among them—which is the divine religion that lies at the root of them all—should have the first emphasis. A good and logical act of thanksgiving would be to share the work of the missionary Church in disseminating this unique gift that includes all other blessings within itself.

RACIAL DISCRIMINATION

America has its virtues, but our tendency to racial discrimination is not one of them. It belies our better self. We started out to be a democratic people, and we once believed strongly in equal opportunity for all men. Unless our history books are wrong, we pioneered in embodying this idea in the framework of our political structure. Yet we sin against it every day, socially and economically. Perhaps we were more deeply influenced by this principle in our early and formative period than we are at present. There is something heady and inspiring about a pioneering stage, and men carry forward with a certain enthusiasm in the espousal of a new and original idea. Have we perhaps lost that spirit? If so, shall we not pioneer in it again? Race equality is a golden thread to be woven deep into the warp and woof of our national fabric, if our American Republic is to realize the aim for which it was founded. The missionary preaches this doctrine as a corollary of the Christian religion, but his hand would be strengthened if his own people lived up to it, and his heart would be enormously encouraged.

WIDESPREAD ARMS

In no other place, perhaps, save Rome itself is the universal aspect of the Church so noticeable as it is in China today. Scattered broadcast over the great country are the representatives of the Church—missioners from every nation under heaven, all animated with the same desire and under obedience to the same command. It is the age-old command once given to twelve simple fishermen by the Lake of Galilee more than nineteen hundred years

ago: "Going, teach all nations."

Frequently, these days, Christians from different provinces—soldiers, merchants, and refugees—come in to receive the sacraments or to visit the priest. Dislodged, dislocated, and cut off from communication with home and family, they find in their Faith the one remaining link binding them to the familiar past. "What country do you come from?" they invariably ask. "America!" they repeat with a start of pleasure. "The priest in my home is from Spain—" or Germany, or Italy, or France, as the case may be. Widened eyes reflect the growth of the idea of universality in surprised minds.

Meeting these exiled Christians makes one feel how good it is to be here in this grand old Church that reaches from end to end mightily, gathering all nations into her fold. Spain is here, and so are France, Germany, Italy, and the rest—and America, too, all for the same holy purpose: here not to take, but to give what they themselves have already received. A royal army, indeed! So much does God desire souls that He sent this army to win them. Unlike other armies the forces are not conscripted—the soldiers of Christ are volunteers who offer themselves and all they have to His service. Nor do they go forth with gun and swords and death-dealing devices. They bear, simply, in their hands the cross of Christ and His gifts to all mankind. No wonder such soldiers are received with wide-spread arms!

GIFTS TO MARYKNOLL

The best gift that any country can give to any cause is its own flesh and blood, but it never gives this gift lightly. When America contributes its sons and daughters to the work of the foreign missions, it does so gladly and generously indeed, but on the basis of one sole purpose, and not for any chance reason or no reason at all. It does not give them because they are not needed at home, for there is every need of their service right where they are. It does not give them to save their own souls by a pious life or to develop their own personalities by an adventurous life, for these ends could be attained equally well and perhaps better in their own country. It does not



Kateri Tekakwitha, Catholic Indian saint, whose Cause for Beatification is in progress this month.

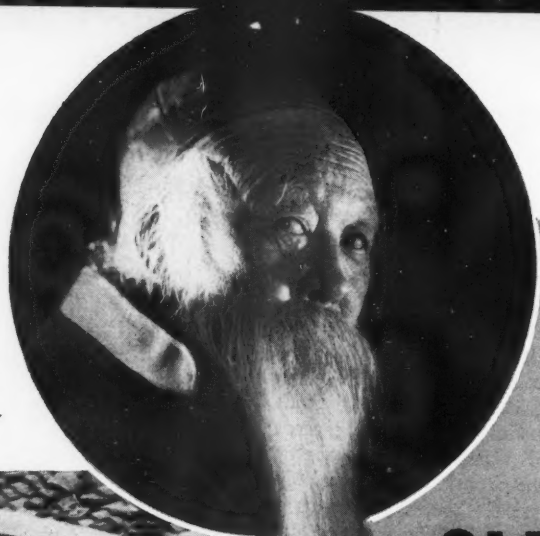
look for them to carve out unusual careers, to seek preferment, to attain honors, to conserve health, to prolong life, increase liberty, or pursue happiness. No family feels that these are adequate reasons for the lifelong exile of a dearly cherished child. It would be better for the youth of America to stay at home and brighten the corners where they are than to ramble around the world in the pursuit of these questionable objectives. And yet America gives its youth. And it gives them for a reason.

The reason is because God has asked for them. It gives them to Him and to nobody else, and because He has work for them to do. It gives them for the fulfillment of a divine vocation, by which He signifies His desire to use them as instruments in the salvation of souls. And because it gives them for this reason, and for no other, it does not ask that they should be safeguarded in respect to the ordinary items of well-being calculated to make the happy and successful life as commonly understood. It does not ask that they attain honors and preferment, or that they maintain happiness and health; it asks only that they retain their vocation.

Father Gerard Donovan was an example of an eminently successful missionary who lost his health. On a frozen hill in Manchukuo he lost it suddenly and completely, but he found his vocation. It ended in a severe Calvary that translated his bright youth to God's arms in the perfect realization of a vocation that entails giving all for souls. This was not a disappointment of America's hope for its foreign-mission vocations. It was a confirmation of that hope, for it was a complete fulfillment of the one and only purpose for which those vocations are given.

To Maryknoll comes the voice of America, speaking for its own. For God, for His designs, for His work, for the Kingdom of His Son, for the lifeblood of His Church, for the souls of His people, by all means take them. We have nothing too precious—not even our own sons and daughters—to give for this. Only please remember that we do not give them for anything else. We could use them at home. We could make them happy. We could keep them well. It is not that we want to give them up. But if you can make them apostles of Christ the Lord, they are yours.

Catholic Action



OLD ...



THE scene is Judea—some nineteen hundred years ago. Zacharias, a merchant, has been caught by the words of one of his customers: "Have you heard the news? A new religious teacher has come to Capharnaum. His name is Jesus. I went with my brother-in-law the other day to hear him. I must hear him again. I should not be surprised if he were the promised Messiah."

"If you go again," says Zacharias, "may I go with you? I, too, should love to hear this strange teacher."

So Zacharias went with his friend and was much impressed by what he saw and heard. When he returned he persuaded others to go, and they in turn told their own friends and relatives.

Before long "much people followed Him from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond the Jordan," but it was simply because one told another.

Later the apostles went forth to preach at Corinth. Saint Paul, staying in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, zealously invited all their friends and acquaintances to come and hear him, so that in a short time he found it necessary to send for help to care for all the Christians at Corinth. And this was in spite of the fact that the Corinthians were proverbially wicked.

But wherever the Christian Faith



Old Wang tells Ch'en, and Ch'en tells Chang, and so the tidings of salvation go from friend to friend, until all are acquainted with the Galilean's message to the world uttered centuries ago.

By Rev. Bernard F. Meyer

...BUT EVER NEW



was spread, it was because friend told friend; even in the palace of the Caesars slave girls told their mistresses about the true Faith, or upright non-Christian officials found in Christianity the explanation of the high standard of conduct among certain of their underlings and guards. So the Faith penetrated to even official and royal circles: what armies could not have done was accomplished by the grace of God, acting through the word of one friend to another, of slave to mistress, of soldier to officer.

Eventually by this process, despite terrible persecutions which in the course of three hundred years took not less than three million lives, the whole Roman empire became Christian. True, "the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians" and the blood of many martyrs purchased the grace of conversion for countless numbers, but the instruments which sowed that seed were Caius and Paula and Antonius and other common people and noble people, who said to their friends in secret as friends will do, "There must be something to a religion which makes people do that."

So it came about that soon everyone was talking about Christianity, not as the emperors hoped, about the success of their campaign to stamp out this foolish sect that worshiped a God on a cross, but in awed attraction towards the mysterious power that made even men and women of noble birth or tiny children willing to die most horribly because they believed in the God on a cross.

The scene now changes to nineteen hundred years later. Wang meets his friend Ch'en. "Have you heard about this foreigner who has come recently to Shachow? They say he has a big nose and brown hair."

"Yes. I have been to Shachow, in fact, several times. My friend Chang first took me to see and hear him; in spite of the fact that he is a foreigner, I think he has the

true religion. You know our old books say, 'In heaven there is but one sun; on earth there is but one truth.' Certainly the true religion must be the same for all."

Christ did not write a book, but He did leave a message, and this message goes around the world through the relationship of intimacy and trust as between friend and friend; for the message he gave is a message of love, and it can best be transmitted to others on the wave length of love. Today we call it Catholic Action. Have you the part in it which Christ wanted each one of His followers to have?

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Each time we come Josephine has all her answers ready. If we playfully try to "catch" her, we are soon told, "Ah, *Seestah*, you no fool me!"

We never go to Leahi without visiting Yoshiko Sawa. Five years ago she came from Japan. She has spent most of the time since then in bed—a victim of the dreaded disease. From the first our visits made her curious to know who and what we were. Last year she became interested in the Faith. Soon she was taking instructions and was baptized "Veronica Mary." Each visit finds her weaker but happier, reminding us of the man who sought and found "the pearl of great price."

As we travel from ward to ward, instructing those who have become interested and consoling those who are discouraged, we marvel at the joy and the faith of these people. Yet, perhaps, it is not so much to be wondered at. Removed from the hustle and bustle of the outside world, they can better enjoy the consciousness of God's presence among them, as here and there He garners a soul for the mansions of eternity.

Passing through the corridors, we often think of those who have already "fought the good fight" and are now reaping their reward. We are specially mindful of our Chinese convert, Mrs. Wong, to whom faith came swiftly and suddenly, as she awaited the end. She was moved to summon us and inquire about our religion. With the strange certainty of awakening faith, she prepared at once for Catholic baptism. One short week of instruction on the great truths brought her that supreme joy.

During those days in which she lingered, her bodily strength failing hourly, her wasted form vivified more by the flaming spirit within than by the oxygen she was receiving, she threw herself with extraordinary fervor into the study of the doctrine. Painfully holding her catechism above her, as she lay prostrate, she struggled to memorize the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*, and the *Creed*, that she might recite the rosary of that Queen whose name she bore. She did not have to struggle long, for the full knowledge and possession of God dawned for her soon after, and now she sees "not in a dark manner" but "face to face."

Our first interest in Leahi came through visiting



Hurry, *Seestah*!

SEESTAH!"
"Seestah, come!"

As soon as we are sighted from the children's ward of Leahi Home for Tuberculous, there is a clamor of young voices and a scramble of little white-clad figures to the door. But there is one cry that is louder and more insistent than all the rest. It is that of Josephine, calling to us from her bed.

As soon as we have tied on our masks, we are guided by the tiniest tots to where Josephine lies strapped to a surgical frame. Josephine has been sick for most of her short life. When she was brought to Leahi, the diagnosis was tuberculosis of the spine. From the very first day that we visited her, her one request has been, "*Seestah*, I like to be one Cat'leec. *Seestah*, I like Jesus."

Promised that on her eighth birthday she might have whatever she wanted, Josephine asked permission to become a Catholic. Her foster mother could not resist her pleadings, and now the little one is studying hard.



George, one of our Maryknoll School students who developed tuberculosis and was sent to the Home at Leahi. A succession of heavy crosses has marked his sojourn there. Not long after he entered, his father and mother met with a tragic death on the night of his sister's wedding. Before another year had passed, his younger brother, Joseph, came to join him as a tuberculous patient. For six years the brothers remained together, finding in their illness the secret that has made saints—love of God's will. George's almost paternal concern for his younger brother's welfare, during years of unrelenting suffering and occasional crises, has been reversed. Now George looks to his brother for protective care from his place in heaven.

We counted it a privilege to witness a holy death, as we watched and prayed by Joseph's bed. Within less than a week another brother, weakened by the swift ravages of the disease, came to take Joseph's place in the hospital. Again we knelt at a deathbed, marveling at the tremendous resources of fortitude and supernatural resignation in those from whom God asks great personal sacrifice.

And so we leave Leahi each time with the feeling that we who came to console have been consoled. Slowly walking down the path, we wave a last goodbye to the children as they call to us, "Goodby, *Seestah!* Come back soon!"

UNCLE SAM'S MIRACLE RICE

(Continued from page 5) pass before they would be sufficiently hardened.

The next morning one of the village boys who had been up with the dawn came rushing excitedly to the

priest's house and exclaimed that the rice was gone. Someone had stolen it during the night—every single bit!

With some of the farmers, the priest went to investigate; and "sure enough," not a single grain was to be found atop the still-standing stems. The miracle crop had gone with the wind. Nor was there a single speck of evidence that the field had been looted by man or beast.

That night one of the farmers hid himself in a bamboo hedge and watched the field. Not long after sundown the mystery was solved, but too late. The watchman saw an army of field mice swarm into the field, climb the stalks, and look for any remaining rice. The thin, native rice stalks would not support the weight of the field mice, but the more sturdy American type did.

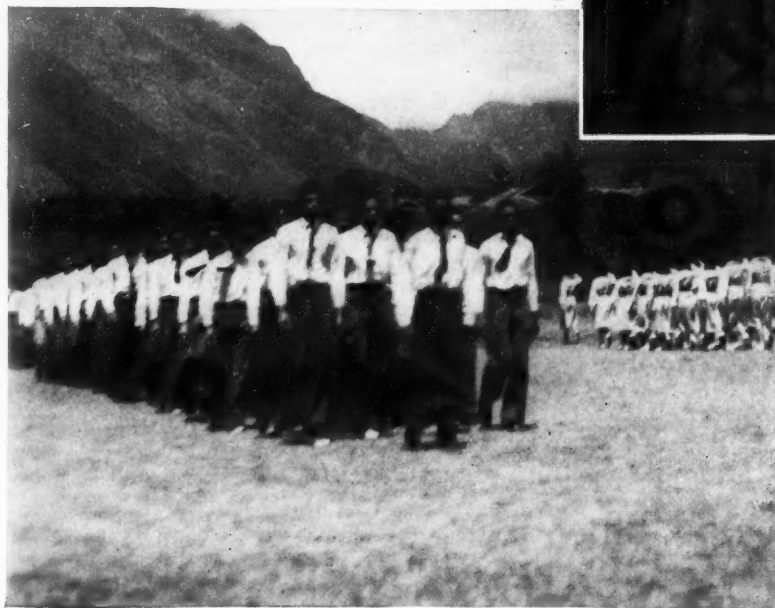
While the rice fields are under water the field mice have lean pickings, but ordinarily after the harvest they have their innings when, under cover of night, they eat the gleanings which fall to the ground.

So love's labor was lost. Now the missionary and the farmers are trying to hatch out a plan for thinner rice stalks or fatter field mice.

It's a shame the experiment didn't work; it was a grand idea.



Boys and girls of the Maryknoll Sisters' schools in the Hawaiian Islands enjoy field days and picnics, too.



NOVEMBER is for REMEMBRANCE

Let the Faith be spread
in memory of your loved
ones.

Sponsor a Sister in their
names.

One dollar sponsors a
Sister for one day.

Address: Mother Mary Joseph
Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

SUCCESS AND



YOU feel like a failure. You had your dreams, but they failed to materialize. You had ambitions to do great things, but that was before you discovered your weaknesses and learned your limitations. You did not live up to your promise, and you never had any prime. Where is the novel you were going to write, and the scientific invention you were always on the verge of discovering? Where are the glowing ideals of your bright youth, your heady aspirations to the stars? Lost in the limbo of forgotten things that might have been; vanished as in a dream of things that never were. You were going to surprise a world that had waited expectantly for your appearance, but it managed to ignore you successfully and completely. The crowds did not acclaim you, nobody fought for your autograph, you were not the life of any party, and you were never elected to anything. Life with its prizes passed you by, and meanwhile you have grown old and you now find yourself very much on the shelf. Your friends have scattered, proved fickle, moved away, passed on. Even your family has grown away from you, as its members, once so close, have gradually developed other interests and buried themselves in their own concerns. You are left friendless and very much alone.

Spring comes—but does it come to you? The new green carpet spreads itself for younger feet; the siren call of the enchanted woods is heard but not heeded. No longer will you respond to the once-thrilling invitation to search out the first arbutus lurking under the leaves, to linger in the park, to dabble in the brook. Your arteries harden, your joints creak, your wrinkles multiply, and that vivid pleasure in the world of sense that once characterized you has finally abated with the gradual dulling of your own powers. To the panorama of dogwood and forsythia that glorifies the landscape, you now bring only

a wistful glance that betokens fond memory of the past rather than keen appreciation of the present. Nature still smiles, but you no longer smile with her. The busy world has pushed you aside and you are relegated to the armchair and the chimney corner. You obtained no recognition as you flitted across your brief stage, and now as you approach the evening of life you are disillusioned. You are old, Father William, and your hair is exceedingly white. And you are a little antiquated yourself, Lady Clara Vere de Vere, and your Norman blood was never any different from anybody else's, after all. Man or woman, you write yourself down a failure.

But are you? Have you really received no recognition, missed all the prizes, fumbled all the opportunities, lost all the friends? Is the case as bad as you think? It depends on your sense of values. Actually, nobody ever received any greater recognition than you, if you will recall that God Himself recognized you enough to die for you on a cross, to live for you in a tabernacle. Were you really missing all the prizes when you thrilled at the opera, reveled in the sunset, fed the birds, rode a horse, helped a neighbor, and smiled at a child? And was it nothing to have your courage inspirited, your sorrows consoled, your temptations surmounted, your sins forgiven? These are prizes indeed. And how about the opportunities? After all, the real opportunities of life were not the big occasions when you might have written your name in headlines; they were the little occasions when the angels might have written your name in heaven. To grit your teeth and bear your burden, to help other men and women to bear theirs, to radiate patience and kindness all around you, to smile eternally—these are the little things that make big opportunities. Neither have you lost all your friends. You have God, and you will



FAILURE

AN EDITORIAL



always have Him. You have His lovely Mother, and if you had no other single friend in all time and in eternity, this possession alone would still make you of all mortal beings most blessed.

And have you forgotten your Angel Guardian? You kept him busy, but he was faithful found. And then there is an understudy of his who is also your friend; one who also will care for you and worry about you to the end of the world. You may not even know his name, but it does not matter, for he really has no name; he is not so much a human person as a divine institution. Yet he knows you, and he knows you well. To him the wrinkles of old age make no difference, for he always sees in you what God saw when He first fashioned your soul to His own image and likeness, and that is something very beautiful. This man will find you in the burning building, on the bed of sickness, in the busy mart, even in the haunts of crime. He is one of the greatest proofs that God cares, and cares very much about you. He is the priest.

No, you must be wrong. Far from being a failure, you are a tremendous success. You remain essentially what you always were, a child of God walking your path to heaven, and walking it successfully through His help and grace. The things you missed are the things that do not matter, and some of them you never even missed. Recapture your youth? You never lost it. It has seemed to recede from you, but you are really approaching it from another direction: you will be young again. Old age and creaking joints will give way to an eternal spring, and once more you will have the gentle rain in your face and wild flowers in your hair—this time with no hay fever. Your success is only beginning. Life is never a failure if it leads to heaven.

Do you know what made your life a success in spite

of all your incidental shortcomings? You really had everything in your favor. But you know now that it was not your precocious genius and your handsome beauty that made you a success. They let you down at every turn; they faded, failed, proved illusory, perhaps never existed. Something else changed your defeat into victory, your failure to success. It was something entirely outside yourself, something wholly gratuitous, purely a gift from the skies, that conquered the world for you and made your life in the world a song of victory. It was your Catholic Faith. And it can make a victory of every man's life—and every woman's—if you will co-operate in passing along the grace that meant so much to you.

Other souls are thirsting for the waters, for those not dowered with the Faith experience all your difficulties and sorrows without sharing your blessings and consolations. Would you like to help them as they struggle along in the busy world—that disillusioned man, this disheartened woman, these heedless boys and girls, those little pickaninnies selling strawberries by the roadside? They are all God's children, and in His sight each one of them has an immortal soul that is every bit as precious as your own. Would you like to be instrumental in saving them? Would you like to turn their drab and meaningless lives into the glorious success that yours has known? Give them the Catholic Faith that solved all life's problems for you. Give them the knowledge of God that explained every mystery for you. Give them the love of His Son that won every battle for you. Give them the friendship of His Mother that consoled every sorrow for you. This is the formula of success, and if you have any real love for men, you will help the Church to spread it up and down the world.



Right: Two native Hawaiian girls of the Maryknoll Sisters' school at Honolulu.

Below: The first child received at the Maryknoll Fushun orphanage in 1926 has recently been married.



SHUICHAU, SOUTH CHINA Pity the local pastor who, alone, unsung, and unafraid, meets tasks which are enough to keep three or four priests busy. Besides side trips to the bishop's house, up mountains and down dales, Father Eckstein has been much occupied with the regular work of a mission. One month's score tells an interesting tale: six infants baptized; three adults baptized (in danger of death); one convert received; 620 confessions heard; 950 Communion distributed; three fallen-away Christians reconciled; one diary written.

NARA, JAPAN The Catholic Church building in this town is noted as a masterpiece of Japanese architecture. The CENTER of attraction, however, is the altar, inspired by the art of Japan. Made of cypress wood, unpainted—since its natural state is considered an emblem of purity—its base is composed of eight round pillars supporting the table. The space between pillars is filled with carvings and lattice work, giving an appear-

ON THE MARYKNOLL

ance of solidity. The six large candlesticks, fastened to the grade or step of the altar table, are also of wood, finely carved. The tabernacle is round. On the door are carved the two Greek symbols for the name of Christ—X and P (the Chi-Rho)—and the dome, surmounted by a cross, is carved with grapes and wheat. The altar stands before a green dorsal hanging, the soft folds of which give a most pleasing setting to the sanctuary. The people of Nara never tire telling visitors of the glory which is theirs in Nara's Catholic church. Congratulations to the pastor, Father Felsecker!

DAIREN, SOUTH MANCHURIA The pastor of the Maryknoll Manchu mission in this city, Father Leo Hewitt, had evidence of the true thanksgiving spirit recently from two of his parishioners, Mr. and Mrs. Li. This couple, well above the threescore of life, have had as their home a rude shelter of straw matting set up on sticks. During the day the aged pair pick up old bottles, iron, and paper, which they sell each evening at the junk market. Not long ago they received a gift of ten Chinese dollars from a friend of their deceased son. First, they paid all outstanding bills. Then they had three dollars left. They approached the pastor. "Please take these two dollars," said the old man. "I want to give them to God in thanksgiving for keeping me and my wife in good health." The priest tried to refuse, but the old couple were adamant. "Why, just see," said old Mr. Li, "I still have one dollar. Isn't God good!"

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, CALIFORNIA Mrs. Juanita Alvarado of Tres Pinos, who was baptized in San Juan Bautista one hundred years ago, was



NEWSFRONT

present at the Solemn Mass which marked the patronal feast of this mission. The original bell brought from Spain, weighing nearly half a ton, chimed out to herald the festivities. As a result of recent restoration work, the mission plaza is now said to resemble those of the early days more closely than does any other in California. The fiesta marked the one hundred and forty-third anniversary of the mission.

CHIKLUNG, SOUTH CHINA In this village the banquet following a funeral is supplied by the family of the deceased. All who attend the funeral are invited, and many will walk miles to be present for the free meal. Recently Father John Smith wondered why so few Catholics turned out for a very poor man's funeral. "We didn't wish to embarrass the family," was the answer given. Now the Catholics have formed a Provide-the-Funeral-Banquet Society. Each of the members contributed a dollar. The best results could be obtained, they felt, by buying rice when it was cheap, and using the profit to pay for funeral banquets. All funerals should now be well attended, since the after-burial banquet is practically guaranteed.



The three pictures on this page are of Father Howard Geselbracht, pastor of Fushun's Hopei mission. He tucks up his cassock, starting off on a visit to the village of Yellow Gold; on the way he meets some of his Christians; and in the courtyard he is greeted by another Catholic family.

EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 472.
2. They labor in seven territories.
3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.
4. The three others—Kyoto in Japan, Heijo in Korea, Fushun in Manchukuo—are in the north.
5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.
6. The seven contain 25,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.
7. They include 70,742 Catholics.
8. Annual adult converts number approximately 7,500.

MR. CHAN, PHILANTHROPIST

By Rev. Joseph E. Early

THE philanthropic Mr. Chan—a non-Christian—came to Manchukuo from North China about forty years ago and started earning his living by peddling Chinese cakes. After only a few years, his fine business ability helped him to develop a good trade. Chan might have had a “Mac” before his name. So saving was he, that he accumulated a good deal of money, which he invested in land, and at the present time he is one of the biggest property owners around T’ung Hua. But it was not his idea to buy land just for the sake of buying it, for he is quite a charitable old fellow and has donated both money and property to Chinese social and welfare agencies.

Among his charitable works might be mentioned an Old Folks’ Home, which he built a few years ago. We gave him a donation to help the good work along and thus won the good will of Mr. Chan. As a result he was only too willing to allow us to take care of the spiritual needs of the old at the Home.

We have already had fifty-eight baptisms of old folks in danger of death this year. One day on a visit to the Home, we casually mentioned to Mr. Chan that we needed a cemetery for our deceased Christians and asked him to let us know of a suitable piece of land for that purpose.

“Why, I have a bit of property that I should be very happy to give the Church as a graveyard,” he answered immediately. Thus the Church at T’ung Hua secured a half acre for burial ground.

Even that little bit of land, at the time, was a good beginning, but we knew we should soon have to ask for more. About a month later we met Mr. Chan again. It seemed the opportune moment, so we asked if we might buy some of the property which Chan owned adjoining the cemetery. The answer did not come that day, but last week Mr. Chan invited us to pick out the land we

wanted. We mentioned that an additional acre and a half to the north of the property we already had would

be of considerable help. The old man did not talk price, but donated the property.

Since then Mr. Chan has been coming to Mass on occasion, and if things keep progressing the way they are he should be a Catholic before the year is out.

BREAD ON THE WATERS

(Continued from page 7) man with red hair come out of the gate. It was one of the foreigners, and he smiled pleasantly at Ah Gni and addressed him in Chinese. Ah Gni was amazed: this red-faced man spoke Chinese. So he went up and showed him the message and said, “Teacher, where can I drink of the fountain of Everlasting Life that man must taste to be saved?”

The priest was surprised. “How do you come to ask of this fountain of Everlasting Life? God is the fountain of Everlasting Life, and all those who believe in Him and are washed clean of their sins in the saving waters of Baptism can save their souls and come to Everlasting Life.”

Now Ah Gni knew that this was a message from God. “Oh, then you must help me to know and to believe all that is required of me to save my soul.”

Down in Hong Kong two American priests were sitting talking in the evening, weary after their study of the language. They spoke of their future labor and of what results might come. And they remembered, then, a text that hung on the walls of the Seminary back in the homeland: “In working for God, it matters not who does the work, so long as the work be done.” They did not know their task had already begun.



Mr. Chan is a charitable old fellow, who has donated both money and property to the poor.



BANDITS CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!

Here is a stirring story. A young Pittsburgher smiles through his years in Catholic America's schools, is ordained a Maryknoll missionary, sails the Pacific, lives six eventful years of apostolate among the Chinese of Manchukuo. Just when the hazards of his life seem removed, he is captured by bandits, held for months, then slain, and his remains are abandoned in the lonely Manchukuo mountains.

WHEN THE SORGHUM WAS HIGH

A narrative biography of Father Gerard A. Donovan, M.M.
By John J. Considine, M.M. A Longmans Green publication.

COMMENTS "The development of the story which ended at Huai-Jen is absorbing. The grimness of the tragedy becomes fearfully real with the slow perception that the stiffly frozen body is Father Jerry. A very understandable boy—a very understandable martyr!" • "A book every boy—young or old—should read."

• "An inspiration not only to Maryknollers but to the priesthood in general." • "Once I opened the book I could not leave it unfinished." • "It will inspire men to follow even where martyrs have trod." • "My highschool students wanted copies for themselves, after we had read only two chapters. Please send ten more immediately."

The Maryknoll Bookshelf
Maryknoll P.O., New York

ORDER BLANK

..... single copies of "When the Sorghum Was High," at \$2

☐ \$..... enclosed

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Name

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THANKSGIVING—A JOY

A FRIEND of ours told us the other day that the most difficult letters for him to write are letters of thanks and of condolence. We ourselves are not bubbling over with Pollyannic bursts of enthusiasm, but we always find it a joy to say a word of thanks.

And so, with an official day of Thanksgiving set for some Thursday during this month, we are glad to use the occasion to say once more a fervent "Thank you!" to all our friends. Do not be misled—we are not overwhelmed with legacies and gifts of great amounts. We count as our friends, not only those who can give of their sustenance, but also those others who can give no more than the encouragement of their prayers. For all such friends we are extremely grateful to God. If we seem to write of this often, it is only because we are happy to assure our benefactors that their thought of us is always deeply appreciated. We are happy in our friends.

And who wouldn't be happy to receive letters like these—which, incidentally, make up a great part of our daily mail:

"Not for anything would I fail to renew my subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR*. I only regret my inability to do more for your splendid work." —*New York*

"I have not been well since 1931, so can not earn anything, but what my sister sends me for spending money I shall send to you for your noble work. How I wish I could do more!" —*New York*

"This is my twenty-fourth year as a Member of Maryknoll. The years have been years of great grace for me because of my contact with your noble missionaries. The few offerings I have been able to send are all out of proportion to the inspiration and grace I have received through my membership." —*New Jersey*

"At a recent meeting of our Council, Knights of Columbus, it was moved that we subscribe to *THE FIELD AFAR* for our local Public Library. Our Council will gladly renew this subscription each year." —*New York*

"We are not renewing our subscription to *THE FIELD AFAR* for one year, but for six. We all read it from cover to cover each month, and all agree that there is a 'lift' to each issue. From the joyful tone of each article and story, it is very evident that you Maryknollers are a cheerful crowd and enjoy the work you are doing." —*California*

ANNUITIES VS. WILLS Some wag has paraphrased an old axiom: "Where there's a will, there's a way to

break it." Too often—and too late—this has been found to be true. So some people prefer to take care of their own wills while still alive. They send a certain amount of money to us to be held in trust until the death of the donor, at which time it will revert to Maryknoll for our mission work.

This plan—the Maryknoll Annuity—provides a way of giving to the work of Maryknoll, and, at the same time, reserves for the donor the income he may not be able to sacrifice. The Maryknoll Annuity plan has appealed, recently, to some of our friends in New York, West Virginia, Washington, Wisconsin, Newfoundland, and Missouri. If you are interested, write for our free booklet "The Maryknoll Annuity."

THANKSGIVINGS "About a year ago I asked your prayers for my sister who had cancer, and—thank God—she has been cured. The doctor said she recovered only because of the prayers that were said for her. Our heartfelt thanks to all Maryknollers."

—*Michigan*

"Enclosed is a small offering in thanksgiving for the many favors that I have received through Our Lady of Maryknoll. All the joy and happiness that have come

THE MONTH'S PRIZE LETTER

Dear Fathers:

I have been reading *THE FIELD AFAR* for many years, and as I put down each issue I breathed a little prayer that some day I should be in a position to do more to help the missionaries in their tasks for souls.

Recently I read of a plan which I felt might work for me, and so I adopted it. My sister and I asked the people who work in our offices if they would contribute ten cents a month to help support a missionary. We succeeded in getting thirty persons to contribute. Some of them are non-Catholics whom we did not ask, but when they heard of our objective they asked if they, too, might not have a share in such a good work.

We keep a chart and check off the donors each month as they give their dimes. It is not much, but we are all convinced that we have a great share in one of the most wonderful works in the world today.

G. L. H., *Missouri*



Students of Mount St. Michael's, Bronx, New York City, have a program of prayer for the missions.

into my life during these last years I owe to Our Lady. May she bless all Maryknollers as she has blessed me!"

—California

INVESTMENT VS. SPECULATION "In following out my plans made last month, I am enclosing a small donation (\$2) for whatever use you may see fit. I have always considered my Perpetual Membership in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society as the greatest investment I have ever made, and I am sure that it has helped me out on many occasions."—Ohio.

"Please accept the enclosed drop in the bucket. I know you need it to carry on your fine work."

—St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md.

"The four of us who sign below plan sending a dollar each month to support a Maryknoller. We intend that this money shall represent a few small sacrifices on our part, feeling assured that we shall be amply repaid by our sharing in the spiritual fruit of Maryknoll labor."

—Sulpician Seminary, Washington, D. C.

MARYKNOLL MEMBERSHIP

Maryknoll has no mere subscribers to its magazine. Every person who enrolls by the payment of \$1 becomes a MARYKNOLL MEMBER for one year.

A PERPETUAL MEMBER makes payment of \$50, either immediately or in installments within a period of two years. A deceased person may be enrolled as a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL BENEFACTOR is one who has assisted to the extent of \$1.000 and becomes by this fact a Perpetual Member.

A MARYKNOLL FOUNDER is one who has provided a sum of \$5,000 or more; such a person also becomes a Perpetual Member.

DEPARTED FRIENDS

Please remember in your prayers the souls of these Maryknoll friends who have recently died:

Rev. E. F. Gaule; Mr. John Decker; Miss Minnie Hull; Dr. John G. Coyle; Mr. Albert Marsbach; Mr. John F. Ward; Mr. Dennis O'Connell; Mrs. Patrick O'Brien; Dr. James E. Murphy; Mrs. Catherine Quigley; Mrs. Mary E. Cooper; Miss Alice G. Walsh; Mrs. R. A. Scott; Miss Ellen Scott; Miss Alice Andreoli; Miss Mary A. Crinigan; Miss Anna T. Ahern; Deneige Cote; Miss Josephine Nash; Mrs. Wm. M. Connors; Mr. William O'Shea; Mrs. W. H. Lindley; Miss Anna Ryan; Miss Eleanor M. Gaskin; Mr. William J. Collins; Mrs. William Brady; Rankin Walter; Hannah Nolan; Mr. Albert Amirault; Mr. Albert Allgeier; Margaret Bonner; Mr. Wm. F. Shea; Mrs. Louis J. Kauderer; Miss Dora Salbreiter; Miss Catherine Ann Loftus; Mr. and Mrs. A. Sinnott; Dr. Louis Dewey; Mr. James Herbert; Mr. James Brook; Mr. W. E. Gormely; Mr. D. J. O. Hayer; Miss Alice Morrissey; Mrs. Marion Kennon; Mrs. Agnes Roche; Mr. T. P. Callahan; Mrs. O'Donnell; Mr. Finan; Miss Mary A. Agnew; Mr. Patrick Kane; Catherine A. Sweeney; Miss Katherine Monk; Mrs. J. C. McHugh; Mr. Mitchell; Mrs. Mary Sullivan; Mr. Eugene Donohin; Mr. George Cody; Mrs. J. Falconer; Mr. Joseph Moylean; Edna Granger Thomas; Mrs. Margaret Dawson; Mr. Joseph B. Lanahan; Catherine Burns; Mr. Sommers; Miss Margaret A. Shanahan; Miss Mary Gorman; Mrs. Ellen F. Balieu; Catherine N. Brennan; Julia Van Auker; Mr. Patrick Barry; Mr. J. Peterson; Sarah Dillon; Mr. John Wall; Mrs. Thomas Gray; Mrs. Anne Smith; Miss Mary V. Bolger; Wilfrid B. Hughes; Mr. John Crowley; Mrs. Rose Mahoney; Mrs. Mary O'Leary; Mrs. Patrick Boyle; Mr. J. V. Clark; Mrs. Whitney Wall; Miss A. Dwyer; Mrs. Agnes Hellebush; Mrs. Elizabeth Lane; Mrs. John F. Brennan; Mr. Bernard Clancy; Miss Julia Needham; Miss Ellen Riney; Mr. Edward Madden; Mr. H. G. Hinsz; Miss Catherine Reynolds; Mr. Joseph A. Neagle; Miss Mary Plunkett; Mr. Daniel Byers; Miss Mary Gorman; Mrs. Emma M. Dooley; Dr. John Sagarino; Miss Mary Gallagher; Miss Mary Bussen; Miss Cecilia Young; Mr. E. J. Marsh; Mrs. C. W. Wilson; Mrs. Rose Gaboury; Mr. George Ford; Mr. James Scully; Mrs. Elizabeth McCarthy; Mr. William Neagle; Mrs. Eva Wagner; Mrs. Mary Lancaster Eliot; Mr. Edward P. Walsh; Miss Eva Albert; Miss Louise Papin; Mrs. Emma Trasasser; Mr. J. Hamilton Rainey; Mrs. Mary F. Johnson; Mrs. Mary Moechringer; Miss Catherine Walsh; Mrs. Margaret Lehan; Mr. Harry Dowling; Miss Kathleen Hawks; Mrs. Anna Maldini; Mrs. Rosanna Smullen; Mrs. Delia Smith; Mr. Edward Brothers; Mrs. Mary McGovern; Mr. William H. Dobbins; Mrs. George Kolt; Lena M. West; Mrs. Nora E. Quinn; Miss Mary Foley; Dr. Wm. A. O'Brien; Mrs. Gillespie; Mrs. Celeste McCartney; Dr. P. Boyle; Margaret E. Barry; Mr. Joseph McCarthy, Jr.; Mr. Robert Long; Miss Mary A. Foley; Mr. Frank Griffin; Mrs. W. E. Flood; Mr. Daniel C'Driscoll; Mrs. John Colthurst; Mrs. Bridget Fitzpatrick; Mary A. Gallagher; Mrs. Henry Berkemeyer; Mrs. Ellen Henson; Mrs. Anna Miller.

ORIENTAL ODDITIES

THE Chinese are a tolerant people—even inconsistently so—in matters of religion. Their mental processes run more to concrete ideas than to logic or speculative questions. While there are vast chasms separating the fundamental principles of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, all three are partially accepted in some form or other by nearly all non-Christian Chinese, who are not disturbed by apparent contradictions in their religious concepts. This results in a confusing jumble of religious tenets, permeated with animism, which has corrupted all three systems.

Belief in the rebirth of human and animal souls is quite common, especially the rebirth of those souls of sinners who have not reached the Chinese paradise. Our staggering terms of "transmigration of souls" or "metempsychosis" are not used by the Chinese. To them it is just rebirth into a world of departed ghosts.

The Buddhists are probably responsible for this doctrine, which has been assumed by or imposed on the other Chinese beliefs. At death, they say, the "King of the Revolving Wheel" (of rebirth), Chwen-lun-Wong, who is master of the tenth region of Hades, judges each soul according to its earthly sins and merits. He pronounces judgment, which sends souls to one of the four divisions of the other world, where they may be reborn into this life as men or animals.

The soul of a great sinner, handed over to the devil to be tormented and slain, then becomes a "murdered ghost." After a period of expiation, during which such a soul wanders on earth in ghostly form, he is allowed to be reborn as a wild or primitive man, dwelling in caves and clothed in animal skins. When this second expiatory existence is over, he again may be reborn as a real man, and the process is begun all over.

Those who on earth have perfectly practiced the four chief virtues—equity, rectitude, meekness, and justice—are promoted to a paradise of unending delights of a very human character, such as eating, dancing, and merry-making, free of all pain and suffering.

The ordinary individual, however, must undergo one or more rebirths. If one's life has been on the shady side, he may be reborn as a dog, an ox, or a horse. If he conforms to the perfection suitable to his new form of existence, he may be reborn next as a man and have another chance to attain the "Western Paradise."

One can well understand how the simple and clear dogmas of Christianity, concerning sin, merit, forgiveness, hell, purgatory, and heaven, appeal to new converts whose lives and minds have been so exercised by the hopeless and confusing doctrines of transmigration. There is a profound element in the supernatural structure of our Faith which satisfies the natural yearning of the human soul for that object for which it was created. As simple as it sounds, it epitomizes the great theological and philosophical principles of Christianity—profound and compel-

ling to the learned, directing and reassuring to the simple: "God made me to know Him, to love Him, to serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next."

PENNY-STORY PRIZE

(Continued from page 9) tell me you forgot it!"

Forgot it? How could she ever forget that? Hadn't she hoped Tom would win; hadn't she been saving it for months, just awaiting some opportunity to use it as a prize for him? Wasn't it she herself who had suggested "A Man's Saint" to Father Loftus as the prize for Tom?

"Oh, that thing!" she said disparagingly. "It was about China, wasn't it?"

"No, it was about Badagas."

"Bananas! Have you a cold in your head?"

"Well, then, it was about Saint Francis Xavier—and these new stories are great, too."

"What about the scholarship?" grunted the Sister as she tightened a cap on the preserves.

"Well, that's what I came to see you about." And they both stopped in their tasks.

"You're not turning it down, are you?" Sister Lawrence asked, and we wondered how she meant it.

"Well, not exactly, but—oh, gosh, Sister! I can't tell you down here in front of all these Sisters—and anyways, maybe I'm not sure yet."

"Take the boy upstairs, Sister Lawrence," I said. "It's too hot down here."

She paid no attention to me, but turning to Tom she asked: "What did Xavier do when the Badagas were coming? We're all Badagas down here. Speak up, now."

"I want to go to Maryknoll," said Tom in a voice that must have been an echo of Xavier's, for we all stood still and looked at him with wonder and joy. I don't know how long we stood there, but Sister Lawrence was the first to break that blessed silence. "Well, they do manual labor at Maryknoll, I read once. Let's finish this job, and we'll talk about the next one later."

No one, however, could fail to notice the pride in her eyes, the light step, and the gaiety of heart, as the canning went merrily on to completion.

Sister Lawrence did not go to Maryknoll for the ordination nine years later—she was too infirm. But when, during the following year, she got a letter from China, she wore it to shreds showing it to all her callers. "And just think," she would always conclude, "it all came about from a penny-story leaflet he won as a spelling-bee prize in my eighth grade. Isn't God wonderful in His ways?"

But I think Sister Lawrence's visitors always thought as we did about her: "Isn't God wonderful in His saints!"

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WHAT A BREAK!

MOTHER'S unwilling little helper would rather be using his strong right arm out on the baseball field, but he makes the sacrifice grudgingly, and so makes his task twice as difficult.

The Maryknoll missionary in the field considers his task a privileged "break." His big concern is how to help the thousands on all sides of him who are afflicted in body and soul, and who have nobody but him to help

them. If he had ten or twenty dollars a day to aid them, he could use every cent of it. But he must have at least a dollar a day if he is to live and carry on.

You may not be able to provide the dollar a day he needs for the thirty days of each month. But couldn't you do it—or see that it's done—for some days of each month, even for one or two? He who shares in the sacrifices of an apostle shares also in his reward.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

N

Dear Fathers:

You may send me a monthly reminder for the support of a Maryknoll missionary for days of each month. I understand that I may discontinue this whenever I wish.

NAME

ADDRESS

One who supports a Maryknoller for 30, 20, 10, or 5 days (or even one day) each month, at \$1 a day, is a Maryknoll Sponsor and shares in the spiritual privileges of the Society. Maryknoll priests offer their Masses each Friday exclusively for all their benefactors.

"Since I can not go to the missions myself, I consider the next best thing is to be a sponsor. A great privilege!"

—J. D., Jr. California



INSTINCT PLAYS A PART

By Rev. J. Michael Henry

IT is said that Orientals have three hundred rules of ceremony and three thousand rules of etiquette. How in the world any race of human beings can acquire, practice, and stagger along under, such a stupendous burden baffles the imagination of us "western barbarians." The answer is that they do not acquire it, any more than the swallows acquire the knowledge of going south in winter: instinct plays an important part.

While it is true that the elaborate and punctilious code of politeness—seen even among the laboring classes and the very poor—is often wearisome, it would be unjust to criticize. And so, far from doing that, we are compelled to admire the perfection to which these people have carried their code of etiquette.

However, their bewildering observances are not criteria by which to judge the state of mind or heart of

The proper number of bowls is a very serious matter.

these people. Their ritual is more a matter of "face." To know what ought to be said or done in a given set of circumstances, and to say or do it at exactly the proper moment, is what everyone of them aims at, and most succeed to an astounding degree. Let me cite an example of two to illustrate what I mean.

A Chinese meeting a Westerner for the first time will invariably ask, "What is your honorable name, sir?" To this the correct though apparently contradictory answer is, "My miserable name is Cholmondley—" or Rafferty (pronounced Chumley) as the case may be.

The next question may then be, "How long have you resided in this country?" Upon hearing your answer, which may be the number of years, months, or even days, he will look at you admiringly and exclaim, "How well you speak our miserable language!" But at that very moment he may be inwardly writhing as he listens to you ruthlessly murdering his tongue.

For another example let us go to visit a family in the neighborhood. As we enter the house all the members of the family stand up and insist that the visitor be seated, although they remain standing around the room. He requests them to be seated. Do they scramble for seats right away? Oh, dear, no! That would be the worst form. They remain standing, while the visitor gets more nervous. Finally, after half a dozen urgent invitations to please sit down, they reluctantly comply. As a matter of fact, they have been aching to sit ever since the arrival of the visitor.

When all are seated, the visitor must smoke. He may not want to—no matter—he is condemned to smoke, and smoke he must. The hostess produces a cigarette from somewhere and a matchbox from somewhere else. She turns her back on the visitor while she strikes the match, then claps the back of one hand in front of the



Three hundred rules of ceremony and three thousand laws of etiquette seem a staggering code of ethics to us, but not so to the Oriental, who knows just what move to make next and—like the Manchu lady below—when and whether to smoke or not.



visitor's nose and eyes while she lights his cigarette with the other. The procedure is intended to protect the eyes and nose from the smoke and flame of the match.

After that the visitor has to have tea. He inwardly recoils, but outwardly gushes his thanks and protests that he has had "lashins" and lavin's" of tea at home, but after a siege of some duration he finally gives in to superior numbers and capitulates—on condition that "one cup will be the limit." But one cup takes a long time, because the hostess keeps on filling it as fast as the visitor sips it.

Sooner or later all things come to an end, and so must tea-drinking. The visitor finally picks up enough courage to say he must be on his way home; and, as he feared, this brings a storm of protest from the big and little of the family. Another argument, and the visitor makes his way to the door, followed by his hosts en masse. He begs them not to come out with him, but to no purpose. He must be seen as far as the gate, all shouting together: "Do not go! Come back, come back! Oh, you must go? Then go very slowly, come soon and come quickly—come quickly!" The visitor replies by bowing a dozen times or so and begging his host to return his visit, and the host promises warmly to do so.

The visitor then moves off, slowly indeed—because he has not much strength left by this time. His hosts stand in the roadway watching him until he turns a corner. Then, with mixed feelings, he wipes a fevered brow and wonders how many "boners" he has made. He has several more visits to make, so he squares his shoulders and moves in the direction of his next objective, where the

drama will be re-enacted in all its details. If he is a missionary, he is trying to win his neighbors' souls, and the nearer he can come to "being one with them," both in language and customs, the better chance he has. The effort involved is demanding, but the effects are eternally great.

**The Holy Father's Mission Intention for November:
For the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide.**

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Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

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Send **MISSION-TIME** for
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MISSION-TIME

Maryknoll P. O., New York

A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

SCHOOLS FOR BOYS—

University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio
Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem.,
Emmitsburg, Md.
Sacred Hearts Academy,
No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys,
West Chester, Pa.

COLLEGES AND ACADEMIES FOR GIRLS—

Trinity College, Washington, D. C.
St. Xavier College,
4928 Xavier Pk., Chicago, Ill.
Barat College & Academy of Sacred
Heart, Lake Forest, Ill.
Rosary College, River Forest, Ill.
St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
Maryville College, Meramec St. &
Nebraska Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Mt. St. Mary's College, Hooksett, N. H.
Georgian Court College, Lakewood, N. J.
The College of St. Rose, Albany, N. Y.
College of Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson,
N. Y. C.

Marymount College & School,
Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.
Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.
Academy of Our Lady of Mercy,
Milford, Conn.

Junior College and Academy of the
Immaculate Conception, Oldenburg, Ind.
Marycliff Academy,
Arlington Heights, Mass.
Mt. St. Joseph Academy, Brighton, Mass.
Sacred Hearts Academy,

No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Academy of the Sacred Heart,

Fall River, Mass.
Jeanne d'Arc Academy, Milton, Mass.
Academy of the Visitation,
5448 Cabanne Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Saint Vincent Academy,

226 W. Market St., Newark, N. J.
Academy of St. Joseph, Brentwood, N. Y.
St. Clare's School, Hastings-on-

Hudson, Mount Hope, N. Y.
Academy of the Holy Child Jesus,

630 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.
Academy of The Holy Child, Suffern, N. Y.
Our Lady of Mercy Academy,

Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.
Mater Misericordiae Academy,

Merion (Phila.), Pa.
Villa Maria Convent,

Montreal, Quebec, Canada
St.-Ann-on-the-Lake Academy,

West Palm Beach, Fla.

SCHOOLS OF NURSING—

St. Camillus School of Training,
Gull Road, Kalamazoo, Mich.
Santa Rosa Infirmary, School of
Nursing, San Antonio, Tex.

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by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Aca-
demic Department—High School Course of
College Preparatory Grade, Elementary
Department, Music, Art, Physical Culture.
For Catalogue address: The Secretary.

ADDRESSES

The Maryknoll Fathers

Central Administration and Major Sem-
inary, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass.
Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.
Maryknoll Junior Seminaries:

Akron, Ohio, 1075 W. Market St.
Cincinnati, Ohio, 6700 Beechmont Ave.
Detroit, Mich., 9001 Dexter Blvd.
Mountain View P.O., Calif.
St. Louis, Mo., 4569 W. Pine Blvd.

Houses of Study:

Hong Kong, Maryknoll House, Stanley
Rome, Italy, Via Sardegna, 83

Honolulu, T.H., 1701 Wilder Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif., 222 S. Hewitt St.
Manila, P.I., St. Rita's Hall
New York City, 121 E. 39th St.
San Francisco, Calif., 1492 McAllister St.
San Juan Bautista, Calif.
Seattle, Wash., 1603 E. Jefferson St.

Missions: Central Addresses

For Fushun missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Kaying missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missionaries: Catholic
Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung Prov-
ince, China

For Kweilin missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, China

For Kyoto missionaries: Maryknoll,
Kyoto, Japan

For Chosen missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, P.O. Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

For Wuchow missionaries: Catholic Mis-
sion, Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, China

The Maryknoll Sisters

Central Addresses

Motherhouse and Administration:
Maryknoll, N. Y.

Hawaii: 1508 Alexander St., Honolulu

Japan: Higashi Takeyamachi, Sakyoku,
Kyoto, Japan

Chosen: Catholic Mission, 257 Sangsu-
kuri, Box 23, Heijo, Chosen.

Manchukuo: Catholic Mission, Dairen

Pacific Coast: 425 South Boyle Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Philippines: St. Mary's Hall, Manila

South China: Waterloo Road, Kow-
loon, Hong Kong

MARYKNOLL WANT ADS

HELP WANTED

THE OLD GISHU mission cares for twelve old "grannies and gran'pappys" at \$5 each a month. A fine Thanksgiving offering.

HUNGRY COAL STOVES in the Kyoto mission rectories can be appeased, but it requires \$10 a month for each of twelve.

CAME NOVEMBER AND COLD to Kweilin. The farmer folks need five chapels in outlying districts—\$200 each.

THE MORNING SACRIFICE in the native Sisters' chapel, Kongmoon Vicariate, needs Mass wine and hosts. \$25 for a year's supply.

TEACHERS AND SCHOOLS

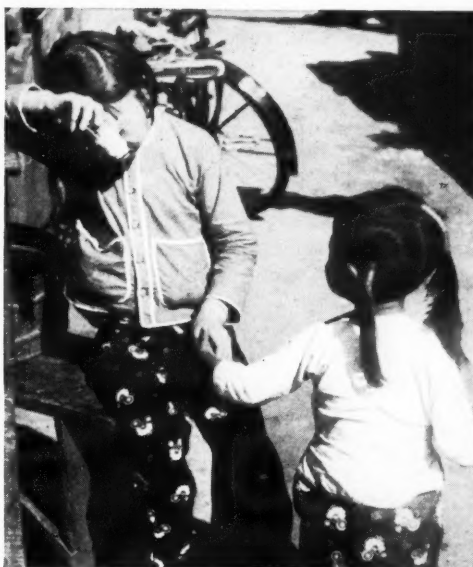
THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH in Kaying as elsewhere rests in native students for the priesthood. \$5 a month will support one of the 30.

FIFTEEN CHINESE GIRLS want to enter the convent at Kongmoon, but it costs \$5 a month to train each of them. A pity to lose them.

CATHOLIC ACTION in Kaying depends very much on keeping active the 126 catechists. \$15 a month each is required for their salary.



Self-supporting orphans in Fushun's industrial school can be kept that way if purchasers can be found for their wares.



You'd cry, too, if the Sister at Fushun's orphanage told you there's no more milk. \$5 will provide a supply of canned milk for a month.

ADDITIONAL READING for Kyoto converts means an outlay of \$20 a month for Catholic literature. Can you help solve this problem?

OPPORTUNITIES

CITY OF NO CONVERSIONS is almost a thing of the past for Wuchow. A hundred and one catechists (at \$15 a month each) are seeing to that. Help them in their work.

REFUGEES CROWDING 'ROUND the dispensary at Chuanchow (Kweilin) have taxed medicinal supplies. \$50 will provide more salve and pills for a year.

SMALL COUNTRY CHAPEL needed at Yunghui," comes an SOS from Wuchow. \$300 will provide it.

LITTLE SHACK IN THE OLD COUNTY down by the Yalu River in Korea serves as church and rectory. Five are needed, but one would be a pleasant surprise—\$450 each.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.



DRUMMING UP TRADE

ALTHOUGH drums do not seem to attract, we go on beating ours. And we dare not stop. More priests are needed in our own Maryknoll mission areas than the couple of hundred we have already been

able to send over. However, we are happy to report that the future does look quite promising. Eighty-six new students from colleges and high schools in all parts of America were accepted for our seminaries this fall. Next year, we hope, the number will be over one hundred. Please say a prayer that this may be so. By such prayers you can continue to help us in the task of "drumming up trade."

